UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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Brothers of ev'ry clime
Led by a hope sublime,
We sheathe the sword;
Long has the earth been rife
With hate and deadly strife,
Pledge we our heart and life
For blest accord.

God grant us each the light
To know and do the right
Though loss obtain;
Seeing a brother's need,
Yield not to selfish greed,
When love is man's first creed,
Then Peace will reign.

Father in Heav'n we pray,
Speed Thou the righteous day
When war shall cease;
When nations hand in hand,
O'er ev'ry sea and land,
In love before Thee stand,
Oh, grant Thy peace!

Evelyn Leeds-Cole.

The *National Post* sees signs of religious liberality in the English show that is transpiring this week, in the fact that King George has offered one of the seats at his personal disposal to Dr. John Henry Jowett, an English Nonconformist, recently come to New York, and further that the Bishop of Hereford, who is to celebrate the Holy Communion in the Cathedral, has invited not only members of the Church of England but also "such of our Nonconformist neighbors and friends who may feel moved to join with us on this unique occasion." This is hopeful. "One swallow does not make a summer," but it does suggest that summer is on the way, that sunshine and warmth and flowers, green grass and singing birds are to be expected.

The United States has sent to the Coronation Festival of King George the biggest battleship yet made and a lot of the victims of superfluous wealth to see the show. We hope our English cousins will not judge us by this exhibit. Perhaps when the noise of the parade has ceased thoughtful England will have time to read of the Child Welfare Exhibit recently held in Chicago. Our friends will then think the better of us and will go forward in the high work of enabling the English-speaking world, pauper and peasant alike, to whom is given the high opportunity of supplanting superstition with reason, fashion with art, toadyism with self-respect, reactionary conservatism with a spirit of progress, aristocracy and its fell train of foolishness with democracy, to see that "A man's a man for a' that."

Colliers' throws light on the paradox in United States politics today which witnesses such reckless extravagance and foolish rivalry in the Naval Department of the Government, while at the same time there is a conspicuous growth of the Peace sentiment, a conspicuous disposition to limit the armament of the Nation and eventually dismantle our fortresses and discard our battleships, when it tells us that Senator Du-Pont, president of the Powder Trust, is chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs and that he is a member of the committees on Coast Defenses, Expenditures in the War Department, and Pensions. Obviously these were the jobs he wanted when he secured the senatorial election. Perhaps he is justified in making the most of it, for when senators are elected by the people he may not be eligible. Further, we read in the same issue of *Colliers'* that "by doing away with our useless Navy Yards, the military burden of the country would be reduced by ten or more millions yearly."

We print in another column a report of the Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit from the pen of Cora Stanton Brown, published in School and Home Education for June. We hope it will help deepen the interest of the readers of UNITY who were not able to witness the exhibit. We believe with the editor of the above named paper that "No other one thing has been done in this generation that has touched so many deep things of interest and stirred such fundamental organs of the soul as this exhibit, held in New York and Chicago." Both the editorial from which we take this sentence and the article of Mrs. Brown emphasize the importance of the public school interests represented at the exhibit, particularly the live exhibit. The direct lessons of the exhibit are apparent and easily understood. The children who were chiefly in the minds of the exhibitors will doubtless promptly receive a benefit. But the indirect meanings of the exhibit, the psychical values to the ex-

hibitors and the revelation of the pathetic need of the children at the other end of the line, the poor unfortunate children of the favored who are being isolated from the grime and the microbes which were so hopefully exposed at the exhibit, but who are by the same processes segregated from the playmates, schoolmates, teachers and blessed playground associations, are not so apparent, and need interpreters. The lesson which the Child Exhibit most forcibly taught was that the exclusions of poverty and of wealth are equally deplorable, that democracy is a condition of sanity both physically and spiritually.

UNITY has for many years entered its protest against extravagance and the display of Graduation Day. What ought to be a season of unrestrained joy, of spiritual and intellectual uplift, is always menaced by the passion for show, so costly in time and money, and scarcely less so by the passion for fun and social diversion. We would not make the bright day a grim one, but we would reduce the number of boys and girls reported by *Collier's* who "dropped out of their classes before Commencement Day and sacrificed their diplomas because their parents could not afford the dress worn by the other pupils at the exercises." A superintendent in Illinois is quoted as saying: "Too often our High School Commencement Exercises are robbed of all their true significance and dwindle into a mockery, a cheap peacock parade." This quotation is justified by a report showing that the average expense for clothes and invitations in a class of twenty-five was $35.41 per boy and $58.18 per girl. Our exchange seems to be of the opinion that the dress becomes more costly each year and states that the "class photograph" and "personal invitation" have recently been added to the necessary expenses. The observation of the present writer would seem to point in the other direction. Of the ten Commencements which it was his privilege to address this year, five had resorted to the democratic cap and gown for the sake of removing the distinctions of wealth, and, in one case, at least, it was the boast that most of the girls had made their own dresses under the direction of the Domestic Science Department. The economy of money on this interesting occasion should be followed with an equally rigid economy of strength. The examinations at the minimum are strenuous, the breaking of school ties, the packing and the strain of transition are great; it is no time for the social display, the late banqueting and midnight dance. There is no danger but that the favored American youths will make ample provision for "fun." There is great danger that they will invade the most exalted experiences of life with a spirit of levity and mar the peace of a noble occasion with merriment and rivalry.

The *National Post* is the latest journalistic venture that asks for a place in the office, the library, and the family circle of the thoughtful. It is a fortnightly, handsomely printed, profusely illustrated, and edited by a group of young men who have been trained in journalism on progressive lines. It is emphatically interested in non-partisan politics and social problems, but promises also in each number an attractive amount of current news and palatable fiction. The issue of June 17 contains a most interesting and, we hope, typical article on "Checking Up New Zealand," by Charles Edward Russell. It is the first of two articles on the political and industrial conditions of New Zealand, whose government he calls "an experiment that was progressive." They are "doing things" in New Zealand, but Mr. Russell finds a "fly in the ointment;" although it be a government of the "wise and good," the fact that these same "wise and good" are not elected by the people, indicates the weakness and perhaps the menace of New Zealand. But here is Mr. Russell's list of the "reform record of twenty years,"—the "Reforms" that have remade New Zealand in spite of great structural and other defects, for they work. They suggest a program for other governments. The list is prophetic. Does not this list suggest what the best thinking in the United States is tending towards? Why not work for them the harder?

Woman suffrage.
A scientific land tax.
Supervision and rigid regulation of the conditions of employment.
Limited hours of work in many industries.
Extra pay at increased rate for all overtime in these industries.
Discouragement of child labor.
Reduced hours of work for women.
A weekly half-holiday.
Compulsory arbitration of labor disputes.
Legal recognition of the labor union and its elevation to a place in the Government.
The breaking up of the great estates by purchase and by taxation.
State aid to settlers.
State aid to home builders.
Public ownership of some public utilities.
State coal mines to make coal cheap.
State life insurance.
State fire insurance.
A State employment bureau to deal with the problem of the unemployed.
Old age pensions.
The beginning of compensation for injured working men.
A railroad system conducted solely for the public benefit with progressive freight rate reduction.
Free transportation of school children where required.
Housing schemes for the working population.
A Public Trust for the administering of wills and bequests and for other public services.

There is no Morrow. Though before our face
The shadow named so stretches, we alway
Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may;
God only gives one island-niche of space
Betwixt the Eternities, as standing place
Where each may work—the inexorable To-day.

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

Unity Hymns and Chorals

At last the long needed and patiently looked-for book has appeared. Thirty years ago UNITY lent itself gladly to the creating and distributing of the hymn-book bearing the above title. The book was unique in many ways. Its construction, with the cut leaves making it possible to bring any tune to view in connection with any hymn, was an experiment. The book was compiled on the theory that a few hymns sufficiently known and a comparatively small number of tunes sufficiently popular would best serve congregational singing. The compilers and editors of that book were liberal, not to say radical in their religious convictions, but they were men of faith and believed that the true radical was devout and that rational interpretations of religion must and ought to be spiritual, needing and calling for helps to express the altar attitude of the soul,—confession, thankfulness, aspiration and communion. In short, the editors tried to make a book that would jutify its name, one that would sing in harmony and avoid the differences and discords of the creeds. They tried to make it possible for congregations to sing in harmony with the deliveries of the pulpit.

And now after thirty years two of the editors, Mr. Hosmer and Mr. Gannett, have labored long and diligently in preparing the "revised and enlarged" edition. The old book endeared itself to a small but appreciative group of churches. It has long been out of print and the copies have been literally worn to shreds in the service. The old friends will be grateful that the new is so like the old in form and style and content that it promptly takes its place as an old friend. The preface tells us that there are one hundred and forty-eight new hymns added and seventy-three new tunes. The book now contains three hundrd and thirty-five hymns and one hundred and fifteen tunes. But so skillfully have the printers and binders done their work that it is still a small book, as hymn-books go. The editors modestly say that it was "made for the little church rather than the larger." But we believe that if tried it will prove itself to be an efficient little hymn-book for a large church as well as for a small one.

The first book fell into the hands of the present writer only a few days ago, as he was about to start out on a graduating itinerary. It proved a delightful traveling companion for two nights and a day. So many of the old friends remain, and the new friends made are so at peace with the old ones, that it seemed like a reunion with the comrades of thirty years ago. Doubtless to every pastor, particularly the old pastors, there will be painful omissions,—familiar hymns will be missed, but we venture to say that its sins will be wholly of omission. The hymns offered will prove themselves indispensable and when put to the practical test will prove adequate, for the size of a hymn-book should be determined not by literary but pedagogical standards.

We cannot enter upon a critical consideration of the contents of the book in this notice. Indeed it is too much of a family matter for the present writer to say much about it. Here are fifteen hymns of Chadwick's, twenty-five of Whittier's, twelve of Gannett's, seventeen of Samuel Longfellow's and thirty-four of Hosmer's,—none too many for any of them. The editors are by conviction and temperament prone to hymn "carpentry." In their preface this is frankly confessed and forcefully justified. But at the worst only ninety of the three hundred and thirty-five have been touched and changed, and they stand justified.

There are forty-seven pages of "Service Elements," material which adds to the book an elastic ritual of the liberal faith, and these in the main have been tried out in the previous edition. The number of choral responses has been doubled and there are now eighteen of them; three responsive readings are offered and thirty-two prayers with benedictions that will serve the lay reader.

The sub-title runs, "A Book for Heart, Home, Church." We would like to enlarge it and say, "A Book for Head, Heart, Home, Church and School." It is a book that invites the intellect, and is almost sufficiently cosmopolitan, universal and undogmatic to be eligible for use without offense in the choral exercises of the precious introductory fifteen minutes in the public schools.

But we meant only to speak a cordial word of greeting to this new book, only one copy of which has yet reached UNITY Office; but more are coming, and by the first of July the Unity Publishing Company, which has survived the thirty years, will be glad to lend itself as distributor of this "aid to worship" and "bond of fellowship," this glad singer of the faith that is loyal and loving to the intellect and heart, to the individual soul and the common life of the spirit. The appearance of this new book is opportune on the eve of vacation. We hope many ministers will have it in their vacation outfit and will study it and be prepared to try it with their congregations with the beginning of the autumn work.

We congratulate the editors and rejoice that UNITY has lived thus long if for no other reason than that it may lend itself again to the propaganda by hymns.

In chaste and warm affections, humble wishes, and honest toil for some useful end, there is health for the mind and quiet for the heart, the prospect of a happy life and the fairest hope of heaven.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

THE PULPIT

The Pulpit and Social Endeavor

I take this text, though I shall preach no sermon: "The liberal man deviseth liberal things and by liberal things shall he stand." So with the liberal pulpit and social progress.

John Robinson, referring to churches of the congregational policy, said, "The people are the church and to make a reformed church there must first be a reformed people." This is the way of progress in a democratic society, whether it be religious, civic or industrial. Just the opposite holds true in a monarchic church or state. And with us "the people" includes the man in the pulpit. He must ever be ready to be reformed by the ideals which are urging forward social endeavor. The ideals are liberal; liberal things are being devised for social betterment and the pulpit which claims to be liberal must stand by them.

The people are growing in strength these days and, in spite of blunders, they are growing in wisdom, in devotion to service of just ideals; they increasingly urge the turning of this world into the service of the Christian ideal. If the liberal pulpit is to meet its obligations, is to prove its reason for being, then it must help the people to use wisely this power which they feel. It must assert and reassert democracy and help the people in the pews to exercise their religiousness in this direction.

Facing social problems we do not need so much that all people shall "think alike theologically as that they should act alike religiously." Our duty today lies in the direction of spiritual and moral precepts and activities. We need more of the real missionary spirit which consults the needs of others more than of oneself. And we shall do a greater work for the social life of our communities when we have once worked ourselves to the point of being human in our outlook. We are born into the service of an ideal which leads to the meeting of our social obligations! Do we follow that lead? The best way to follow it is by personifying the truth of today "not in word (only) but in power." How are we to do this? We need to feel that we are "anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor, to proclaim relief to the captives, the recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised and proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

It should inspire us to see people turning away from ecclesiasticism, tradition, etc., and toward social endeavor if they keep their spiritual foundations, their reverence, their conscious dependence on God, and a well poised attitude toward their fellows.

I know that some men in the pulpits have the idea that by breaking loose from the church they can do more and better work for the Kingdom of God. I know a man whom you know with a strong, social message, who has been tempted that way, yet he wrote me not long ago that he knew that whenever he felt like leaving the pulpit for the platform, he was the victim of his own conceit, weakness, impatience; that not the church but *he* was to blame. He wait on to say (what we all know) that the great masses associate religion with all sorts of conceptions which are utterly false to our ways and means of doing things. But it is the business of our pulpits to teach them that *they* are away behind the times and that the true church is miles ahead of them.

Restore the pulpit to the respect and allegiance of mankind; don't desert it. Use it to bring in the Kingdom of God through an inspired social endeavor.

Is not the liberal pulpit peculiarly fitted for this work? Our Pilgrim fathers dreamed "an ideal of associated life which should embody and express the will of God for man." Liberalism urges man to that, to the interpretation of religion in terms of brotherhood, righteousness, peace. It is not our business to furnish any ready-made scheme of perfection; it is our business to stir the motive power of society, i. e., the spirits of people, to rouse impulses for social justice through righteousness.

"It is not by might," saith the Lord, "but by my spirit that the kingdoms of the earth are to become the kingdoms of righteousness and peace."

And we who stand for liberty, progress in religion, must by the same rule stand for the same things in national, social, industrial affairs. We should apply Jane Addams' words about her own position to our position, namely, that we "desire to bear independent witness to social righteousness," and "to be neither subsidized by the rich nor bullied by the poor." If the pulpit stands by these rules it will be nonpartisan, independent, for the right and against the wrong in any agitation! It will stand where it belongs on the eternal verities, showing men that it is worth while to apply eternal rules to temporal affairs.

The pulpit should conserve the values of the past but only as valuable for continual progress toward justice. Its duty is to keep the people mindful of the fact that those on top in industry (as in ecclesiastical affairs) must allow for evolution or get revolution. It must heed that "stern daughter of the voice of God" when there is such disparity in and opportunity for the wherewithal of bodily life that some families, willing and capable to work, starve, while others, neither capable nor willing, have more than they can ever throw away.

Our eyes are open to the conservation of our forests; they are still shut to the conservation of human life.

One does not have to be a socialist to see that conditions which breed crime are only in small part the fault of the criminal. The pulpit that does not help the endeavor to better such conditions is under indictment. We need to add to our individual efforts the social consciousness of the Old Testament prophets. Bribery on the part of some capitalists, of course, breeds dynamite on the part of some laborites, and each side in the present industrial war should clean its own camp by the application of justice or the people will do it for them. War has some rules. Capital and labor seem to have none. Therefore, no wonder suspicion, stealth, outrage exist. And if employers and employees will not straighten it out God will, as always, through people who will apply his laws.

Culminative revenge is piling up for those who, rich or poor, resort to anarchy, whether that an-

archy be brutal or refined! The pulpit is blind that does not see these things and does not point out to men that God's laws of progress toward justice are still operative.

Ages hence men will look back on the industrial blundering, the civic selfishness, the social injustice of to-day as we look back on the Dark Ages. But in the midst of to-day's endeavor the pulpit must not be pessimistic, else it had best cease to stand for Christian ethics when it sees child-labor, starvation-salaries, prostitution, an unregulated liquor traffic, cities exploited, bribery and dynamite, might making right and the devil taking the hindmost.

This is the dark side, but we also can see the quickening of social and civic consciousness, social endeavor on the part of both rich and poor, a proof that at last our social life is approaching the point where the struggle for life with others is outstripping the struggle for life of self alone. And we who profess evolution must help onward and upward this social endeavor or be false to our claim and name. Today God and man are working for a social mechanism (not Socialism), but an order more in accord with character, education, Christian ethics. Our churches should rejoice and lend a hand to those who are freeing the sources of power which shall bring the teachings of Jesus into actual practice, with those who are freeing the obstructed channels so that justice may flow down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream. Such interesting conditions and opportunities as exist will prove whether our pulpits contain prophets or priests.

It is a glorious time in which to stand for the spiritual above the material values till that just appraisement shall become an abiding part of the moral consciousness of the people; in which to stand insistently and intelligently for good will as the only power capable of producing a stable society; in which to point out that there is a will of God in these matters to be obeyed. We must keep our liberal traditions of simplicity, love of straight thinking, the religion of the spirit and of true liberty, but we shall lose them unless we make them vehicles for the carrying of ideals into action.

To paraphrase one of our own prophets: To those who are loyal to the spirit of truth and to the spirit of liberty God commits the holy privilege of preserving and honoring the seeds of the Tree of Life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. This privilege belongs to the pulpit which emphasizes the eternal things and which points out the spiritual meaning of daily happenings: to that pulpit which is neither subsidized nor bullied! It is lost to that pulpit which neglects its part in the social endeavor and fattens on the pottage of the world.

Social endeavor and the pulpit? Social endeavor is simply human endeavor to answer the beckoning of God: simply the demand of the people to be allowed to go on toward the better day. The pulpit is but the agency for helping in that task of everlasting importance which Jesus could not finish. The essentials of that task are to be found in the Beatitudes, the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables and Teachings of Jesus.

It is a hard task, a challenging, glorious task, to try to establish righteousness and to make the world an abiding place of co-operative good will!

MAXWELL SAVAGE.

Church of the Messiah, Louisville, Ky.

The Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit

A Chicago woman remarked that the Child Welfare Exhibit was the greatest thing Chicago had ever achieved, greater even than the World's Fair, greater in the effect on the city afterward, probably, and certainly better in its influence.

If people had really understood the significance of this exhibit more visitors would have flocked to Chicago from other parts of the country.

It is the voice of an awakened conscience, with reproach in its statement of facts and their implications. It is the voice of a throbbing heart with its tenderness and aspiration for the little ones. It is the voice of mind beginning to understand not only that there is a problem, but with some idea of what must be done if we are to solve it. It is the voice of divine compassion with its realization of the solidarity of the human race.

It takes a long time, humanly speaking, for an idea to become common property, and the idea of the rights of the child has been growing slowly but surely until now it would seem that we are at last in the way of seeing it more clearly, considering it more rationally, recognizing it more efficiently than ever before.

It is my understanding that some three years ago someone in New York proposed to show what was being done by the Sunday-school, when a man said, "I have an idea larger than this which I have been brooding over, perhaps now it may be carried out—that is to show all the things which are being done for children in the city." So, like the snow-ball, the idea grew and in time became the image which expressed the attempts of all helpful agencies in New York City to give the child his right and his opportunity. After all, the latter is the only right humanity can furnish. Chicago conceived the idea of taking the New York Exhibit and adding to it a showing of its own work. New York spent three years and something like a hundred thousand dollars, having the co-operation of churches, settlements, public schools, societies for legislation for child-welfare, and when the exhibit opened, crowds of people came to see, to be moved, to be inspired and instructed.

In a few weeks Chicago set up the exhibit, with a still larger one of its own, and that exhibit has just closed its doors after having had a million visitors, it is estimated. The initiation of this project was made possible by the gift of $30,000 from Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, with the admonition to spare no necessary expense, as more thousands would be furnished as needed, and they were.

But beyond the money were the willing hands and hearts, the indefatigable spirit of welfare workers of Chicago. For years there has been organized work for children in this great city, first by Hull House and its sister settlements, later by the city itself through the establishments of courts, playgrounds and recreation houses in the parks, city board of health, parents' associations and aid to the public

schools, and the great public itself. Now that the exhibit is over there is to be a more united effort of all helpful agencies than has ever been made before; the proceedings of the conferences held during the weeks of the exhibit are to be published; pictures have been taken of screens, exhibits, and children, which may be used as slides for stereopticon lectures, moving picture shows, and, it is hoped, a book, which visitors over and over expressed a wish for, because there were so many interesting statements and statistics which we wished to carry away in permanent and accurate form.

Those who were unable to attend should send for the Handbook of the exhibit. Miss Jane Addams at Hull House would be submerged with requests (at ten cents each and postage) if the people understood its interest and value. It would be a good thing if every Mothers' Club had one, for although this exhibit deals primarily with the problems of the city child, and some of the exhibits emphasize the needs of the poor and delinquent child, fundamentally the problem of the child is the same everywhere, and then there is the fact of the solidarity of humanity which means that one cannot be injured without injuring all.

What New York and Chicago do needs to be duplicated in some form or degree everywhere, for they are only working for justice and loving-kindness toward these innocent and helpless ones who are the wards of the world, the wealth of the world, the future leaders of the world.

Roughly speaking, the exhibit may be divided as follows, the work of each overlapping or rather interpenetrating so that together they are unified into one great whole,—society.

The churches obviously can not exhibit their greatest work, but their exhibits of statistics, suggestions, pictures, show that the church is doing religious services. Kindergartens, day-nurseries, a great social and educational work quite beyond clubs, musical bands, summer camps, classes in everything people can study or work at, show how the church is feeling its social responsibility. They quite lap over into settlement work. Indeed, some really have a settlement, for instance, Abraham Lincoln Centre, in connection with All Souls Church, with Jenkin Lloyd Jones as its leader, is the larger sense of unity; its motto is: "Pluck a thistle and plant a flower wherever a flower will grow"; its policy is one of fraternal relationship without regard to religious sect, race, or color.

The homes section dealt with housing, food, cooking, clothing, furnishing, toys, recreation, occupations. The exhibit began with a booth where the babies could be left in the care of trained nurses, and ended with model apartments, where cooking was done in the convenient kitchen and music was given in the living room. The cost of food, clothing and housing was given. In Laws and Administration and Work and Wages there was plenty to make men feel distressed and ashamed over the abuse of children, and to rouse the consciences of women who buy willow-plumes, ready-made clothing (without the white label), and even artificial flowers. The play grounds, the museums and children's libraries, brought comfort. sadly needed. The Chicago Health Exhibit was exceedingly effective, with some startling features calculated to shock some people into thinking.

Last, but not least, there was the splendid "live exhibit" of the public schools. Some one said the school needed the settlement to give the neighborly touch. Probably that is true. However it has come about, the fact is that the school exhibit was wonderfully suggestive of the joy of living as well as the joy of learning. Thousands of happy children showed the public their every-day work in the arts and crafts, domestic science, music, and physical culture. And thousands flocked to see. The people who do not visit the schools visited the exhibit and saw their children at work or at play and heard their beautiful singing.

There are a few impressions of the public school work which must be noted. First of all, the fact that children in such numbers are reached, that equal opportunity is given to all, and that the work tends more and more to the development of the spiritual life of the children. Then the fact that the so-called fads are the very things which were shown, cooking, sewing, basketry, wood-working, book-binding, special work for blind children including typewriting, designing, printing, chair-caning, and that these delighted the spectators. Then the special school which did not have "live" exhibits but which had pictures, statistics and interesting information enough to let everybody know that Chicago takes care of the education of the defective, delinquent, crippled, blind, deaf, and, with the aid of private benefaction, some tubercular children—having two open air schools and some open window school rooms, and, wonderful in its compassion and its results, the only school in the world for children victims of syphilis and gonorrhea, who must be separated from other children for fear of contagion. As I stood before the record of that work and saw the lovely picture of a child restored to normal condition, health, at present, to a life of usefulness and joy, from a terrible state considered hopeless, I thought we really are feeling the love and compassion of the Great Teacher, for what love it must take to patiently win back to health some of those physically repulsive little creatures.

In conferences on play and labor legislation, and "what next?" the idea of home extension was dominant. What was meant was this: The school is the extension of the home and the spirit of love must be carried into it. The street is the extension of the home (in cities often the "parlor") and must be safe and fit for the child. The court exists for the loving protection of the child. Yes, it has been a wonderful thing to see; it is a glimpse into the heart of the people and the heart is good and tender. And this is only the beginning. On one of the first pages of the Hand-Book is written Browning's hopeful

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;

"The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

And on the back cover is a picture of Lorado Taft's group, "The Blind," with the lifted child, and the saying, "And a little child shall lead them."

One of the most hopeful impressions of the exhibit is the sane attitude, the absence of sentimentality, and the presence of plenty of good sentiment.

At the closing conference the speakers felt, what any serious observer must have felt (the reproach of it) how little has been done compared with the child's needs. Chicago will have as a heritage new unity among all its helpful agencies, probably an annual exhibit, and a permanent Child's Bureau.

The artistic aspect of the exhibit, the grace and beauty of things done by settlements and schools deserves special mention, but must be left to a future report.

—*Cora Stanton Brown, in "School and Home Education."*

From Our Foreign Correspondent

During my stay in Calabria the fact was reported that I was a physician, and gradually to this fact was added the fiction that I must be one of particular ability, with the result that instead of proving myself a pleasure to my hosts I ran the risk of being a nuisance, for the huge knocker was sounded at every hour of the day and night by the sick and afflicted who came not only from the little village, but from the surrounding towns to beg of me to give them some encouragement or direction for their cure. Groups of people waited for me when I ventured to walk about the country, to talk to me of their physical ailments.

There was little that one could do. One could not prescribe a nourishing diet where there was nothing but bread and herbs,—neither could one suggest cleanliness where there was no water except what was carried to the houses with great labor,—nor fresh air in the homes where there were no windows. Finally I was obliged to take refuge behind the law which forbade a foreign physician practicing without a license, but in some way I seemed to gain the confidence of the people, doubtless because I was a strange species to them. But, whatever the reason, when it was announced that the next day was the time set for my departure I heard a great deal of excitement in and about the court-yard, and when the hour arrived for my leaving it required the four municipal guards to clear a way for me! An arch was formed at the gateway leading from the old palace made of the fabrics of all colors which I had admired in the looms, and under which I must pass. As soon as I reached the doorway a salute from guns was sounded and cries of *"Eoviva la Signora Americana"* came from all sides. Men carried baskets of roses and threw them on the ground before me and I was obliged to walk upon the lovely things, and from all sides heaps of flowers were offered me until I could carry no more. When I finally reached the carriage in the market place I was literally covered with a shower of rose leaves, and for several miles down the mountain, groups of men, women and children waited to bid me God-speed.

Curiously enough this demonstration gave me little personal satisfaction and I could hardly keep back the tears when I thought of the barrenness of the lives which made the coming of an unpretentious American woman seem of sufficient importance to provoke so much enthusiasm. I felt a little more reconciled to it, however, when I found that it was not all intended for my unworthy person, but that this was an occasion when the people could show the strength of my hosts in the anti-clerical movement.

It seemed a little strange to be, even for one day, in the majority, for in matters of belief I have always found myself with the minority. Doubtless had I remained long enough I should have found my natural place.

Since writing the above I have returned to a more complex but much less interesting life among people of refinement, where one must be careful to observe an order of precedence and give the proper titles without abbreviation, but one feels a resentment against living and moving in such confined space and longs for the freedom and poetry and even the struggles of these generous, impulsive and almost primitive people.

Doubtless the time will come when the waterfalls in that part of the country will be utilized to generate electricity and there may be more of physical comfort in many ways, but with this will come a loss of the poetry of life which now makes it possible to enjoy the simple blessings that come to them occasionally.

I left these people with sincere regret, but they have given me more than I could give them in a stay of many months. More than ever do I feel the relativity of values. The happiest people there are those who have some comforts, but whose care of worldly goods is not a burden to them and who have much time to enjoy the beauty of nature. Curiously enough I have found even among the most humble an appreciation of the landscape which those of us who live within the limits of great cities believe only comes to the cultured or to the poets. Often I have heard a farm worker say, "Did you see the color of the sea today?" or, "I hope you didn't miss the sunset last night," as if such beauty was so rare that we might never see it again. These are the people who are huddled in our cities or are working on our railroads. We open our doors to them and pay them wages. They leave us a just equivalent in labor for any money which they may carry away, but more and more I feel we are most neglectful of the best that is in them. They come as children with all of the faults and virtues of children, and as children they should be dealt with. Not long since I saw hundreds of them,—strong, well-built young men, embarking for our shores with hope in their faces, leaving behind them parents and wives, and I wondered if we could make good the promises of protection to the oppressed, especially when we allow them to segregate themselves in our cities where they are apt to know no protection or interest except such as is offered by some corrupt politician who sees something to his own advantage in his philanthopy.

This is not the time nor place to criticize our methods of education, but the fact is frequently impressed upon me that we are no longer an absolutely English-speaking people. Our relation to foreigners is almost as close now as their relations are to one another in Europe, therefore it seems to me that a little more emphasis should be placed upon the learning of at least two living languages beside our own, in our educational institutions. It is not a difficult matter of accomplishment as is proven over and over by those who attend the various international schools. One might

better leave out some things of questionable value in our schools and obtain the same amount of mental discipline in learning a means of communication with our fellowmen, which would widen our mental horizon and thereby enrich our own lives.

Rome, Italy, May 15, 1911. JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Dedication of a Parish House at Madison, Wisconsin

On Sunday, June 11, occurred the dedication of the parish house of the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wis. This service marked the fulfillment of a dream long cherished in the hearts of pastor and people, a fulfillment made possible by the generosity of Dr. C. H. Vilas, a former resident of Madison. The new building will house the social, educational and civic activities of the church and will doubtless bring a considerable increase of effort along all these lines. The building blends perfectly with the old structure in outward appearance, is finished throughout in quartered oak, and provides adequate space for the Woman's Society, the Sunday-school and various clubs. It gives class rooms and auditoriums of varying size, well appointed dining-room and kitchen, and splendid space for a gymnasium.

The exercises in connection with the dedication included the morning service in the church, with special music, a dedicatory service in the parish house itself at half past seven, and another service in the church at half past eight, the capacity of the building being tested at all three services. At the morning service Rev. Fred V. Hawley, of Unity Church, Chicago, gave the message, which was a call to use strength in the service of weakness, an ideal contradicted by much of human history, yet, as the speaker clearly showed, not impossible of growing attainment.

The dedicatory service proper consisted of responsive readings and prayer by the minister and people; a short address by the donor, Dr. Vilas, acceptance of the gift by Mr. George Kroncke for the church, words of fellowship and congratulation from local ministers representing the Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Congregationalists; a word of thanksgiving by the minister, and the reading of messages of congratulation and good will from neighbors and distant friends unable to be present.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was the chosen speaker for the evening, but railroad schedules forbade his presence and Rev. Ernest C. Smith, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, gave an address upon "The Church and Social Service." He paid a tribute to the church for its ministry of relief in the past and for its part in creating individual leaders of movements outside the church, but declared that the present time calls for new efforts and new methods,—efforts to prevent poverty, disease, crime, war, efforts to establish equal rights and equal justice, methods by which the influence of the church as an organized body shall be brought to bear upon the problems and needs of our time, becoming the preeminent organization for the widening and deepening of a sympathetic understanding, which shall overleap all barriers of class or social station. The address was thus an application to concrete conditions of the morning's message.

Be Good, Sweet Maid

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

Writers in the *Independent* have been discussing the subjects, "Be Clever, Sweet Maid," and "Be Sweet, Clever Maid." Those admonitions are all very well in their way, but I still think that Kingsley's word is the more vital. The important thing here in life today, as always, is that one be good. Epictetus tells us that we are concerned alone with what is within our own power. It is not entirely for us to say whether we will be clever or not. Some of us were not born that way; and while we have done what we could to cultivate the faculties that were given us, we are yet far from being clever. And as to being sweet, sometimes I think that the genuine sweetness of a woman is just one phase of her goodness. If I understand Mrs. Harris aright, it is not mere physical charm of which she speaks; the sweetness she enjoins is the sweetness of the maid who is gentle and considerate and unselfish and helpful,—and that is just being good, is it not? Somehow I think that being sweet is an inevitable consequence of genuine effort to be good. It should be no more sought for itself than being happy. If a girl tries to be good, to discover and do the right, to be gentle and kindly and considerate, to be just and generous, to be brave and cheerful, to "do noble deeds," why then, I think, she will be sweet, even though quite homely of face or angular of figure,—yes, even though fat.

What is the reason for any effort? Why should we try to be clever, or to be sweet, or to be good? Is it for any other reason than this,—that in our heart of hearts there is a sense of duty, obligation, a felling that we *must* try? Conscience, then, is the real reason for every effort. The demands of convenience, convention, expediency, even so-called necessity are shifting and superficial,—negligible, all, if we like. Conscience persists. And the one demand of conscience is righteousness, goodness. "Seek ye first righteousness." Isn't that the command of conscience yesterday, today, and forever? Jew and Gentile, Christian, Pagan, and naked, black savage, —all have heard it. Our interpretations vary. Your goodness is not mine, or mine yours; but our one chance for serenity of life,—yours and mine and every woman's, and man's,—lies in a conscious determination that we will try to obey conscience, try to seek righteousness, try to be good.

"Do noble deeds." They will make us sweet. And cleverness? Why, "Let who will be clever."

Pueblo, Colo. EDWIN G. BROWN.

Patriotism promises men nothing but a terrible future, but the brotherhood of nations represents an ideal which is becoming ever more intelligible and more desirable to humanity. Hence the progress of mankind from the old outworn opinion to the new must inevitably take place. This progression is as inevitable as the falling in the spring of the last dry leaves and the appearance of the new from swollen buds.

—*Tolstoy.*

Dreadnaught

Never was the church in better business than in helping to secure reciprocity and arbitration. These two words are good in every phase of their meaning, to honest people. More than that they are eminently Christian. The object of Christianity is not to preach a set of doctrines summed up in eschatology, but to preach peace on the earth—"On earth peace and good-will to all the world." This is the very initial utterance of the gospel we profess. So it comes about that we are out of our sphere at all when we take up this grand proposition that the nations shall swear to each other eternal good-will.

English-speaking nations can adopt arbitration as fundamental law and, in order that that may be done, every American and every Englishman can afford to have a few dollars of his income cut off. The tariff is a civic question, and when it gets out of legislative halls and into the hands of a civic commission we shall have our say about it, but what we want now is arbitration of every possible dispute, and we want war with its barbarism absolutely removed from the list of possibilities.

Understand that we are taking this ground strictly as Christians. What we want is a civilization that is civilized, but we equally want a Christianity that is Christlike. We believe that the Quakers were right, that no Christian can engage in deliberately shooting his fellow man. If we look over the list of causes for war during the last hundred years, it is impossible to deny that not one of them could have had the endorsement of our Master.

Jesus was the forerunner of universal peace. It is in this way that we must look at him. This was his distinctive and peculiar position, that of the preacher of peace based on universal good-will. War was normal to primitive races. The stronger ruled as a matter of course. Force was God. Jesus taught the new doctrine that God was love; that peace was right; and that we should suffer rather than retaliate. We have not understood the gospel. We have hardly believed its essential principle to be workable. We are gradually coming to a new light on the subject.

It is a great thing and a good beginning when all English-speaking people can unite in expressing a single wish and all the churches turn into tabernacles for the proclamation of universal peace and good-will among men. If we begin with praying and preaching, not at each other but with each other, we shall be pretty likely to reach co-operation in business affairs as well. Better yet will it be when we give up our thoughts and preparations for war altogether, in God's love. The one thing needed now is faith in peace, a Christian belief that peace is workable. We have our pessimists, who are continually croaking war, but there is a worse trouble in the fact that as yet the majority of the people do not believe that we can live together without fighting.

The present condition of the United States is a magnificent testimony that several nations may exist side by side with rival interests and yet practice the law of good-will and friendly co-operation. We have had but one war between the states, and that was between sections. We have demonstrated that from ocean to ocean we can work as a single people, although we are fifty peoples.

Ten years of warless internationalism will bowl this world along Godward faster and farther than five hundred years of Dreadnaughts and dread of each other. Our first great peace vessel should be christened the "Dreadnaught." Dread nothing, fear nothing, but hope all things. When the spirit of Christianity really gets into full possession of the civic affairs of civilization, we shall wonder that deep in the era of enlightened science we tolerated the most barbarous elements of brute force.

E. P. POWELL.

THE STUDY TABLE

Summer Books

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I get "The Long Roll," by Mary Johnson. This is a remarkable book in its ability to interest us once more in matters of the Civil War. I took it up with a distaste for recalling the infernal events of that magnificent period. I am glad that I overcame my prejudice, for the book is a brilliant sample of literary art and word-painting. The author's descriptive power has not recently been surpassed by any other American. It is written from the Confederate standpoint, but that we do not care for any longer. I remember being at William and Mary College a few years ago when on the Commencement stage one of the old Confederate generals, accepting a portrait of General Macgruder for the library gallery, said: "The war settled one thing, that hereafter the Fourth of July stands for a principle of growing unity for world freedom. It will be hereafter a symbol of unity rather than of division. We may be glad that the war was undertaken and the great principle of the right to stand alone in the world and shake fists at everybody else was fought out."

From the same house I am in receipt of another unusually fine novel entitled, "Queed," by Henry S. Harrison. The book is thoroughly original in its material and method. I always like to have a novel bring me into a mood of feeling acquainted with its hero and made the better for the acquaintance. I think you will feel the better for having read "Queed."

E. P. POWELL.

FLOWERS

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
  Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
  Should keep the dew of youth
Bright missals from angelic throngs
  In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn
  Were it of flowers bereft?

They tremble on the Alpine heights,
  The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
  Shares too their blessedness,
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
  Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
  Inviting it to prayer!

—*Elizabeth Oak Smith.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

A NEW INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

UNITY has asked me to say a word in reference to the agricultural and industrial school now being founded in De Funiak, Florida, with which the name of Doctor Thomas is associated, and I gladly respond, not only because of my deep interest in the institution but because it gives an opportunity to bear testimony to the united and splendid work of many citizens of the town.

For years Doctor Thomas had been vitally interested in the broader and more practical training in the public schools. Every manual labor department was a step forward and he hailed it as a signal for a more universal democracy. Then when our home became wedded to the South-land summers as well as winters, we knew how acute were the needs of the people and under what fearful odds was the strggle of mind over material. Then what path to independence could there be for the multitude except in the line of training for the hand as well as the head? What hope for the great agricultural interest except in intelligent, scientific cultivation of the soil? So we talked much upon these things together and with others. He wrote and I wrote. My work was more local, with Sunday departments in two daily papers and two weeklies whose columns I used at will for the gospel of work. Our study table was loaded with publications of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. We were in close touch with the Rockefeller Demonstration Work of the South. Farmers met at our home with the Institute workers of the State Experiment Station. We took stock in the local fairs and helped in the prizes for the corn contests.

At last we bought a farm and the last ride the Doctor took was over to a beautiful field of cow peas that cut two tons an acre after a cutting of winter oats. "Some day," he said, "this will be like a garden," and he pointed over to the lowlands, the richest thereabouts but now in need of drainage.

All this was most interesting to him because it was dealing with the forces of nature and enlarging the creative life of the masses. Then the Gentle Light passed on, not out, and from that time I had but one thought of the farm,—that some day it should do the work he would love to have it do.

Last year an effort was made toward this end but the time was not ripe. Imagine my gratification then this year, when, on arriving from Cuba, I found that several thousand dollars had been subscribed by the citizens toward an endowment fund for an industrial school. This was my hour. Meetings were held; many became interested; a board of trustees was organized, and I gave the farm of two hundred and sixty acres with its equipments of dairy, stock and implements, several barns and three cottages, and when $25,000 is raised for the endowment I will double the gift just made.

Pupils are to work one hour a day and pay $100 a year for tuition and board, if they can; if not, and if they are worthy, some one will help them pay part or the institution will trust them to go out and earn it.

The man elected at the head as superintendent, the leading spirit, seems born for the work. He is about forty, tremendously energetic, consecrated, and with large experience in kindred work. He comes from he class the school is designed to reach and worked his way through college. This gives him a welcome to every cabin. He is a gentleman, not because of training but because his heart is in the right place. A splendid builder and one who "can get money from any living man," said one at a meeting. "Or dead one either, unless he is buried deep," replied one who had been held up for a $5,000 on the endowment. Letters came full of inspiration; other gifts were recorded, small, but large for the means of the givers. One citizen gives $500 toward current expenses.

This will all seem tiny to the reader who may be building scrapers of the sky or dreaming in many figures, but I own up it seems mighty big to me, for it is big in possibilities; it is reaching out for the realities, it is angling for boys and girls and helping them to self-help,—the only abiding help; it is looking to character, individual and state, now and tomorrow.

To be sure the beginning will be small. The superintendent is now in the field for a utility building containing girls' dormitory, chapel, reception and recitation rooms, dining-room, kitchen and laundry. The boys for a time will occupy the cottages. There will be chickens and hogs and a dairy with daily milk delivery in the town, there will be sweet potatoes and Irish, peanuts and chufas, velvet beans, cow peas, corn, sugar cane and vegetables of all sorts. The over-flow will go to the local market. There is no end to what may be done and alas, no end to the means needed, but I take this position. The first year for obvious reasons it must be a matter largely of local initiative and enterprise.

"Make good, however small the scale, make good."

Next year, after a record is made, very likely I may write to Doctor Thomas's friends and say, "How would you like to help some boy or girl to help himself, some one who has never lived in a house with windows, never had two months of schooling in a year, never heard a lecture or a concert, never saw a library or a painting, and never crossed the shadow of meagerest opportunities, and yet he looks up into the stars and wonders what it all means. How would you like to help put opportunity in his way?

Now the editor did not tell me to write this and I never dreamed of doing it, but this is the situation. In the name of one who poured out his life on this great city, on this greater Northwest, we are trying to build in the South, as he did, to make life larger and better and more abundant.

Chicago Lawn, Ill.

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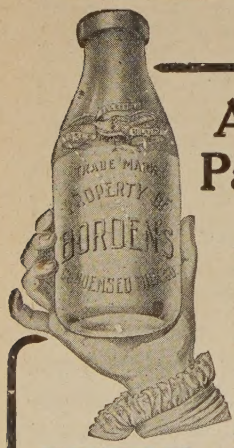

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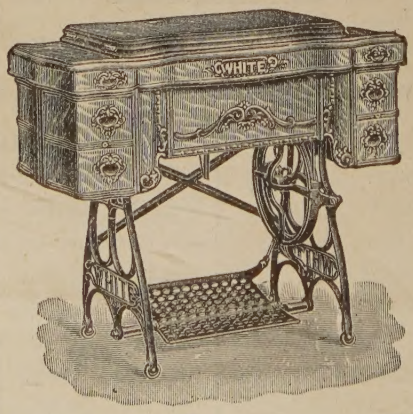

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